

FROM NORFOLK TO NEW YORK.

(Editorial Correspondence.)

New York, August 12.

Did you ever hear the song of your country in a strange land or revisit in long after years the scenes of your childhood? If you have not, there is an emotion which you have never experienced.

Many years ago—it matters not how many—a boy of about nine, delicate in face and figure, went boldly before the captain of a ship which was about to clear from Norfolk for one of the Brazilian ports, and asked permission to go "before the mast." The gruff old seaman told the lad to go home to his mother; and, thus repelled, the boy went, crestfallen and moody, for he loved the sea, and many an hour did he spend on its beaten shores watching the great hawks pouncing upon their prey, and building castles in the white sand as unsubstantial, though by no means as stately and magnificent, as those he fashioned in the air.

Thirty or more years pass—it matters not how many more—including the hardships and havoc of war, and this same lad returns from the Southwest, en route for New York, with more silver in his hair than in his pocket, and he treads again the streets of the old seaport—streets where he pecked eggs and promenade with the girls, and looking in vain for the vacant lots where he played marbles and fought chickens, and sometimes their owners; for even old Norfolk has had its boom and is still having it, and the very playgrounds have sprouted brick dwellings and barber shops and bakeries.

Everything indicates some change. Here is the house in which my old uncle and aunt lived, modernized and consequently married—a house in which the poet Moore was a guest when in this country, and where he wrote about the maid in the Dismal Swamp. The original owner, a fine old gentleman, absolute and kind, determined to leave through one end of the town as the Federal army entered the other, so borrowing a meagre sum from a Hebrew money-lender and taking a few of his personal effects, he turned his face and feet toward Richmond. The interest on the loan, never very modest, soon gnawed up the very few simple of the old mansion; and now, instead of "Southgate," the doorplate bears the more commercial and usurious name of "Israel Rosenbaum."

The good old soul has long since been gathered to his fathers, and God bless his memory! How I recall at this day the time he saved me from a licking for missing my "d-d mathematics"—stumbling and even falling flat on the *pous assuorum*.

And not far distant is the "chubby spot" the place we never forget, though there we are forgot.

Here is the backyard where Joe Gale and Charlie Tucker fought for two hours; and here is the window out of which Joe jumped after he kicked Doggett, the teacher, who called his brother teachers to his aid and was about to double team on the plucky young shoulder-hitter—one of the best amateur fighters I ever saw, and now a prosperous physician of Roanoke. What a hero he was after that battle in the lecture-room, and what a lump Doggett had for days on his jaw, where Joe planted the last blow that knocked him out.

I could almost hear the roar of the sea in the distance, and toward it I went. Thirty minutes ride on an open excursion train, facing and blinking at numerous volleys of cinders, and now and then begging a fellow-passenger to blow one of the boulders out of my eye, took me to Virginia Beach, and sure enough here was my old friend, the same old sea! It alone appeared unchanged by the harrow of war or the ravages of time. Its voice was the same; its "white caps" were still there, just as they were when I left them more than a quarter of a century ago. Age had "left no wrinkles on its brow." Once more, for hours at a time, I watched the stately ships as they passed with lilylike sails, and wondered again what were the wild waves saying.

Ho, for the fisherman's hut! There I saw one of Lee's veterans in charge, and he told me of many school-fellows and comrades in arms who had passed away. "Every reunion we have," said he, "we miss more and more of 'em, and it won't be long before there are no more of us." The old man's lips quivered under the grizzled moustache when he said it.

Fifteen years after the battle of the Wilderness a demented man was found aimlessly strolling about the streets of Richmond. He had eluded the vigilance of friends who had taken care of him and wandered from home some thirty miles distant. Seeing his lunacy was not violent, some one took him to a surgeon, who, on examination, found the skull dented and pressing on the brain—the result of a wound the man got in that celebrated battle. The doctor removed the injured part of the skull and the brain acted once more, and instantaneously speculation returned to his eye and a look of intelligence to his face. After glancing around the room, the sufferer said: "The army was in Spottsylvania yesterday; where is it to-day?"

Everything since the moment of his injury has been a blank to him. He had been mercifully spared the closing events of the war, the agonies of reconstruction, and he wanted to know where the army was that he might resume his humble place in the ranks. He was ready for new perils and sacrifices. But "where is the army to-day?"—and where will it be ten or twenty or thirty years hence?

At the beach there were two boats with their crews going out to fish the nets, and in one I leaped as the lusty sinews of the old sea dogs pushed her through the surf. From this single hut, I was told the two

crews had shipped 125 barrels of fish in one day, and could have taken out more, but for their exhausted strength.

These, too, are the finest fish in the world. I have eaten the pompano just out of the Gulf, trout cooked on the banks of the Rocky Mountain streams, the white bait of England, and the sole of France; but, barring prejudice, and most truly, I can say the fish and oysters of the Chesapeake bay and the ocean near it are the most delicious, if properly cooked, that I have found anywhere. The late Matthew Maury explains it by the fact that the Gulf Stream, moving northeast along our coast, causes a counter current from the northern seas near our shores, which is raised to just the right temperature by the time it reaches the Chesapeake, and which is also supplied with sufficient fresh water from the numerous rivers tributary to it to give both the oyster and the finny fish their delicious flavor. Numerous huts dot the shores of both the ocean and the bay, and profits on the enormous shipments from April to December render prosperous a vast number of dealers. The nets extend some distance into the sea, reaching a depth of from twenty to thirty feet.

The sea voyage from Norfolk to New York during eight months in the year is the most delightful route to the metropolis, and is invigorating and healthful at all seasons. In leaving the former port one is struck at the evidences of rapid progress on either side of the Elizabeth river. Piers are being projected in many localities, and long lines of cottages stretch along the shores. Within sight is the great elevator at the terminus of the C. & O. road, the second largest in the world; and there, too, is the most immense dry dock in the United States. The railroad company have built quite a city at Newport News.

But what shall I say of New York—a delightful place to spend a week, or perhaps a month, but a cursed bore after. Here we have the same jam and crush on the street at all seasons, though everybody is supposed to be "out of town" in mid-Summer. Yet the cars are full, the streets blocked with wagons, the same old "stand up" on the elevated cars. The sharp and eager rivalries of commerce, the insatiable and heartless greed for gain by one element and the struggle against starvation by another constantly crowd the pavements of lower Broadway with a seething rush of humanity. There is no respecter of persons in the motley and hurrying crew. Vanderbilt and the pauper must alike elbow and crush their way along the teeming thoroughfare, and I can understand how a serene and contemplative philosopher like Emerson should exclaim in bitter disgust, "What a huge ant hill—a moving chess!"

The lunches are also crowded for two or three hours in the day. See the savage eagerness with which the mass swallow their mid-day meal! There is but one spot of repose anywhere near the locality. It is on Duane street, hard by the noted "Five Points," now one of the most orderly and retired places of New York. Over the door of a slatternly and dirty looking structure appears the name "Pedro." Old Pedro is a Spaniard, who was cast away, saving only a cask of sherry from a cargo of stuff. With this small capital he started in business; and, while he drinks much of the liquid he serves to his customers, and eats the best his kitchen affords, he has been prosperous—though he still occupies the same dingy dive, with its low ceiling and stifling odors. But here you can get an abundant meal and a glass of the best wine at a very moderate price, and eat it at your ease. Pedro is usually saturated with Spanish sherry and French cordials. His waiters scurry always loaded with some more stupefying liquid, but what they serve is good. Newspaper boys pour from the offices close by, and flock to Pedro's from 1 o'clock in the day until 2 or 3 o'clock at night. Pedro cultivates and credits them, and they chaff him while they swallow his liquors and eat his salads, and when he dies they are going to embalm him in sherry, anoint him with olive oil and burn his body on a funeral pile.

C. E. S.

Increase of the S. A. & O's. Business.

Some idea may be formed of the increase in the business of Big Stone Gap, even during the coldest season of the year, by the report of Mr. Weaver, the freight agent of the S. A. & O. railroad at this point.

For the month of May the receipts amounted to \$5,553.34; for June \$6,404.36; and for July \$7,034.91, making a total of \$18,992.61 for three months.

The business for August will be considerably larger, as a quantity of heavy machinery will be received during the month.

Many parties are waiting too, for the completion of the L. & N. road, which, it is believed, will have trains running here by November 1st, if not before. It is understood the machinery for the two furnaces is to be brought from St. Louis and will be shipped by that line, the projectors preferring to delay its shipment in order to bring it by the more direct route and under rate.

The New Town of Tacoma.

Mr. Harris and his associates have shown energy and foresight in building the town of Tacoma. It must become an important point on the railroad, and whatever can be done to add to its natural advantages will be done without stint, by the enterprising and liberal spirited gentleman who have projected it, and who are doing their work in a systematic and very intelligent manner.

A MUCH NEEDED INDUSTRY.

How Enterprising Gardeners and Fruit-Growers, with Small Capital, May Make Fortunes.

There is hardly any section of the United States where truck gardening is more needed, and where the industry would prove more profitable, than around Big Stone Gap. The soil is well adapted to the culture of vegetables; but those who own or till it are unfamiliar with the cultivation of such products, and cannot now realize the profit that would result in producing them. Hitherto they have been too remote from the markets to raise anything of the kind for sale. Their wants have been few and simple, and they have produced little more than corn, a small quantity of wheat, and a few cabbages and potatoes. But the demand for lettuce, celery, tomatoes, winter cabbage, cantaloupes, early corn, asparagus, salsify and parsnips, is great, and must continue for years to exceed the supply. The result will be that these products, if furnished fresh from the gardens, will command high prices, and those who understand the business and who are the first to undertake it will make fortunes.

The iron furnaces and the coke industry will soon bring a thrifty population here, aside from the other enterprises that will attract immigration. All these people must eat, and all of them are accustomed to a variety of vegetables, and will have them, if they can be obtained.

They will also want fat mutton and beef, and good bacon. Yet few of the farmers near Big Stone Gap pay any attention to the existing need for such products, and seem unaware that this need must increase and continue.

The mountains adjacent are also admirably suited for the cultivation of apples, peaches and grapes. Yet one rarely sees an apple-tree, and it is doubtful if a single basket of peaches has been sold at Big Stone Gap during the Summer. Now, that the people have a home market, and a very profitable market at that, for such products, they cannot invest a small capital better than by purchasing superior fruit-trees and varieties of grape plants.

Better locations and better soils could not be desired than the benches along the mountain sides and the rich plateaus on the tops. These localities produce superior grasses, and are very fertile. They could be easily made to yield a considerable revenue to those who own or rent them.

A new-comer could readily purchase as much of this fine land as he desired, at a very reasonable price, and it would be difficult for him to make an investment anywhere that would yield a more profitable and more permanent return.

Iron at Duffield.

Mr. Horseley, who has just returned from a several days' stay at Duffield—Flat Lick—reports the discovery of a ten-foot vein of superior iron at that point and also deposits of zinc. A brick-yard has been opened at Duffield, where the clay is said to be of superior quality, and Messrs. Nichols and Horseley intend constructing several buildings here as soon as a sufficient number of the brick are manufactured.

Notice to Stockholders.

The stockholders of the Big Stone Post Publishing Co. will please meet at the editorial rooms of the Post at 8 o'clock p. m. Friday, August 15th. Important business to be transacted.

C. E. SEARS, President.

SPECIAL BARGAINS

THE ALMIGHTY DOLLAR!

THE MANY HAVE TOO FEW,
AND THE FEW TOO MANY.

I have the pleasure to announce a new departure—the location of an agency in Baltimore for the purchase and selection of my stock, in order to enable me to quote lower prices than others who buy on long time and ask big prices in these days of panic and hard times.

My agent has instructions to watch every sale and every failure; to look after every house, no matter how bankrupt and ruin, and with cash in hand to buy the lump, or in the lot, every class of merchandise that I can get at less than its value, so that I can mark in plain figures on my bargain prices that have not been named or quoted in this market or any other.

Not by favor, but by merit alone, will I maintain my unrivaled reputation.

Big prices will not do in these times, when even the wealthy cannot afford to waste their money and the poor require double duty of every dollar and every penny.

As my prices change with every sale, it will be impossible to give quotations; but it will be my aim to name figures that will compel you, in self-defense, to buy of me.

I deal in good goods and not trash, and believe the masses will patronize the house that sells the best goods for the least money.

Among my daily arrivals I shall place before the people some hand-laid, that are positively beyond the whisper of competition, comparison, or monopoly—prices that will teach in the silent logic of truth, the difference between dealing with live and with dead men—between the cash and credit system—between the right and the wrong way.

House I throw out among the masses these specialties—these matchless goods and matchless prices—to check the insane and criminal practice of wasting money for the paltry consideration of a little credit.

What can tell the waste of money when you get your goods of houses that buy and sell on long time?

Gold is a good thing; but give me genius and ambition, and then an energy that never tires, a mind that never wanders, an eye that never sleeps, and a nerve that never quivers, and we will ride rough shod all over the world.

New advanced ideas, crowding out the old—pluck instead of luck—energy instead of credit—brains in the place of cash—and science and ability beating back and crushing into oblivion these moonshine merchants, with their tough and tremendous long-time prices.

What is the use of wasting a dollar when you may save it?

Upon my counters will be thrown, day after day, new arrivals, at panic prices, from houses that collapsed, others that will go down to-morrow, and still others that will throw out these sacrifices in vain hopes to outlive the storm.

From such sources as these we buy our goods, and the house that wants the trade of the people must go beyond this advance line, must beat these prices, or go down; for, if there is honor in man, or virtue in good goods at low prices, I mean to be master of the situation, the live pioneer who dives down to rock bottom!

I shall offer such unanswerable arguments as no house can match—leaders and specialties at quotations that will make you wonder at the prices that will level your head on the subject of genuine bargains.

Hard luck and harder times pinch some high-toned old credit conceits—they must have money to meet the inevitable note to-morrow—they all know I have the cash—the hard and solid cash—and a thousand will buy double the value, and I can offer goods at figures away below the regular wholesale jobber of Broadway, New York.

I wish to right the wrong, and believe the God of battles is ever with the right.

When bankruptcy and ruin overtake the victim I am always there with the American dollar.

When the hammer of the auctioneer falls upon some grand and gigantic windshake listen for my name!

Thus I am fighting against the old rotten credit system, for money, for reputation and for the people.

This is the motive and these the prices that crowd my store while other merchants sleep on their counters, while dreaming of the day of disaster and ruin awaiting all who buy on long time and sell on longer, who pay big prices, and all at figures that no people can afford to pay.

I invite an early and repeated visit and inspection. My stock will be replenished every few days, and to merchants I offer some special leaders at July 15 to 20 per cent. less than current prices in New York city.

I. HILB,

AT COLLIER'S OLD STAND,

BIG STONE GAP, VA.

Cline Valley Baptist Association.

The Cline Valley Baptist Association will meet at Big Stone Gap, Sept. 11th, 1890. There will be important business before the association and a large attendance is expected. Special arrangements will be made for those who attend from other sections of the state, and also for newspaper correspondents who may wish to report the proceedings.

—Mending comes under the head of sew-shall obligations.

Get your meals next door to R. H. Jones' shoe store. [tf] OLLIE SWANSON.

Have your shoes repaired at R. H. Jones' shoe store. [tf] F. M. SWANSON.

Meals at all hours next door to R. H. Jones' shoe store. [tf] OLLIE SWANSON.

Repairing neatly done by F. M. Swanson, boot and shoemaker, at R. H. Jones' shoe store. [tf]

Ten choice lots, in plat No. 1, for sale at greatly reduced prices. Apply to J. H. Grimes, Jr., Herald office, Big Stone Gap, Va. [tf]

Table board, by the day, 75 cts.; by the week, \$3.50; by the month, \$14.00. Next door to R. H. Jones' shoe store. [tf] OLLIE SWANSON.

Baker & Tracy, the contractors and builders, have done some handsome work on the new residence of Mr. J. H. Duff. They have almost finished the structure. A. M. Baker is now painting it, and doing the work well.

Almost an Epic on the Watermelon.

The New York World says that the nearest approach ever known to an epic on the watermelon is found in the following from the sunny South:

There was a gate!
There was a gate!
There was a watermelon patch!
There were two nice young colored men,
Who thought the Lord that patch did see!

There was a gun!
There were two triggers!
Two loud reports—
And two dead niggers!

Professional Cards.

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KUNKEL & COOPER,
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Having formed a co-partnership, offer their professional services to the people of Big Stone Gap and vicinity.

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Rooms Lighted with Electricity.

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